

PRICE: \$2.50 PER MONTH

Shipping.

W. ROBINSON and Company for the highest
class Piano Tuning.

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New Piano Repairing Machinery arrived for W. Robinson and Company.

A comparison of the maximum temperatures in different parts of the world shows that the Great Desert of Africa is by far the hottest. This vast plain, which extends 2000 miles from east to west, and 1,000 miles from north to south, is said to have a temperature of 150 deg. Fahr. in the hottest days of summer.

The mercantile marine of France continues to divide in spite of the large bounties it enjoys. It fell from 9,704,191 tons in 1891 to 8,382,311 tons in 1893, a loss of 13.6 per cent., but if from this be deducted the tonnage of the subsidised lines, whose ships are obliged to come and go without regard to cargo, the diminution is 16.6 per cent. In 1894 the decadence has still continued. Compared with 1891 it was 17 per cent. The decrease is principally with respect to European countries and the Mediterranean. In one year more than one-fourth of the tonnage engaged in navigating to these places has passed away from the French flag.

The colonial policy of Portugal has brought home to her statesmen the importance of her navy, and it has just been decided to construct a new navy, of twenty-three knot protective cruisers, wood and copper sheathed, like the Japanese cruiser *Yoshino*; of twenty-eight knot torpedo-boats; destroyers; gunboats and patrol boats. The Government proposes to pay about £120,000 annually for a period of twenty years, and instead of giving the work out to contract intend to invite a shipbuilder of Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States to state how many vessels of the type indicated he will supply for the money on certain conditions. He must make a yard at Lisbon, and he will get the machinery of the existing Government factory and their staff of officers and mechanics, will be able to import plant, material, and fuel free of duty, will have sole right of shipbuilding and repairing in Portugal and her colonies, and at the end of twenty years will have the privilege of handing over the yard to the State. The scheme is simplicity itself. It is promoted, too, by the Government.

THE DAIRY FARM CO., LIMITED.

The following is the report for presentation to shareholders at the eighth ordinary yearly meeting to be held on Monday next, at noon:—

The directors herewith present to the shareholders a statement of the Company's accounts for the year ended 30th November, 1894.

The profit for the year, after writing off \$3,006.60 for depreciation, is \$2,091.49, which, in view of the experience of the last year, the Board considers it prudent to carry forward.

The herd of cattle has been largely increased during the year and is now in excellent health and condition.

Directors.—The Hon. C. P. Chater and Dr. Cantlie have ceased to be directors of the Company, and Mr. Douglas Jones and Dr. Noble have been invited to join the Board. Their election requires confirmation by this meeting. Mr. Granville Sharp and Mr. Machado retired by rotation and offer themselves for re-election at the next meeting. The auditors' accounts have been audited by Mr. Henderson for Mr. Robert Lyell, absent on leave, who offers himself for election for the current year.

GRANVILLE SHARP, Chairman.
Hongkong, 2nd February, 1895.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PADDY O'LEARY AT THE PANTOMIME.

To the Editor of the 'CHINA MAIL.'

Hongkong, Feb. 7.
Mr. Editor Darling.—An it's author asking 'phwat might I be thinkin' of the Pantomime Performance ye are? Share an I'll tell ye that same, but my tale must be like Pat McGrath's pig's after the dog was done wid it—briaf an' to a point, an' it is.

Polly was charmin', an' sang like a skylark; Paddy was divin', uly winge a-wantin'; Man Friday was a hunky boy; an' Snooks was full o' Grace. Will Atkins he was bumptious; the Queen, bedad, was scrumptious; the rest were darlites all. An' Mathews, Grasso, shure, she was Bready the blyr that a credit to the end. May Heaven be his bod, and good luck to his uly mug (that's the Mistress Grasso's mug, not the Mistress Brady's). Shure and it was uly enough for a female rhinoceros, by the same token; but when she could ould flag an' gave van for 'Good Ould Orland' I could see the tears washin' off her paint. The Mistress Britannia, so she, that's the pride, the queen, an' it aye shone here daro to doubt my woro, mathews, let him thread on the tail o' the Lion, or the tail av the Mistress Brady's ould coat, an' he'll 'Hand them over to Riley.' An' what did ye think?

That reminds me that my friend Sandy, Frae 'Aberdeen aye, remarked concernin' the lassie an' the laddie that danced the Highland Frise: 'Nan! but you was gran', he said, the best the best the best the best by the same token. The sweet Collinses that did the business wid the skirns; an' the fans, an' the tambourines, shure an' it's drunkan I'm goin' to be in mimicry o' them, the darlins, An' may yer own shadow never be less; an' Canada, an' Ameriky, an' Rooshia, an' Hongkong, an' all the other nations, ye are to command, PADDY O'LEARY.

P. S.—'Tis somewhat in need I am av a few av them pie pictures wid 'T. In reason, an' the darlins av an' Orlin, glemman, an' first cousin to Sant Patrick at that, an' it's yerself that's a glemman, too. They're a new mar now at the Hongkong's Bar, an' a'er he, 'Pat, it's cash down an' none av yer larks; an' it's yerself that's good at the uplake. The cooie can ligh up his shudoon an' a'wait if he be uly ye are.

P. O. L.

LADY Teacher: 'What fer is this moff?' Intelligent Pupill: 'What fer? Why, to keep the hands warm, of course.'

CUSTOMER (who has wrestled in vain with a tough steak): 'I say, waiter, bring me a hatchel.' Waiter: 'Yes, sir; anything else, sir?'

THEY say an eminent legal luminary is about to take steps to prevent people at Christmas-time talking about boxing-day.

STERN Father: 'He who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind.' Prodigal Son: 'Well, he raises the wind anyway.'

MOTHER (giving Scripture lesson to child): 'There was only one man in the world then—his name was Adam; he was lonely (interrupting): 'ah, mamma dear, if there was only one man, who would he dinner for him?'

REUTERS' TELEGRAMS.

[SUPPLIED TO THE 'CHINA MAIL']

A CORRECTION.

Yesterday's message to The House of Lords should read as follows, as per correction received to-day.

LONDON, 7th February, 1895.

Mr. Balfour said in the House of Commons that Lord Rosebery declined to introduce a resolution dealing with the House of Lords at the present moment, because he knew that a dissolution must immediately follow such a step.

LONDON, 7th February, 1895.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent (Member for Sheffield) has withdrawn his amendment (to the Address) in favour of a Customs Union throughout the Empire, upon Mr. Sydney Charles Buxton promising to introduce a Bill to enable Australia to enter into fiscal relations with the other Colonies. The debate on the Address continues.

SEVERE COLD IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Intense cold prevails in England; in many parts of the country the thermometer registers below zero (below freezing point). Terrible snow-storms have occurred in Scotland.

THE INDIAN DUTY ON MAN-CHIESTER-GOODS.

A crowded meeting has been held at Blackburn to protest against the Indian import duty on cotton goods.

THE CHINA-JAPAN WAR.

(Special to the 'Chinese Mail'.)

CHINA TO SUE FOR PEACE.

SHANGHAI, February 7, 3.15 p.m.
China intends to re-open peace negotiations with Japan. The two Chinese Ambassadors have been ordered to remain at Nagasaki to await further instructions.

THE PROTECTION OF NEUTRALS AT CHEFOO.

Count Oyama, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Second Army Corps, has addressed the following letter, dated Shantung Point, 24th January, to the Consul at Chefoo:—In case our army should find it necessary to occupy Chefoo, it is our intention to give as much protection to the neutral inhabitants as the military necessities will allow. As soon as the place is in our possession and before any Japanese troops enter the concession we will send a force of gendarmes to the Concession and establish order. I also declare hereby that apart from any question of international rights I will do my best to avoid as much as possible imposing our belligerent rights (quartering, requisitions, etc.) on the neutral inhabitants and their property.

THE CONQUERED COUNTRY.

Transport Yokohama Maru, at sea, Jan. 22, 1895.
While at Tientsin I had an opportunity of seeing what the land and the people look like after three months of Japanese government; and candidly I must say the impression was very good. I arrived early on the 19th, in the transport *Toku Maru*, which, by the way, had been carefully kept by its owners, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, on its regular trading run to Vladivostok until that port was closed for the winter, and has only been lent for transport service for a short time. As the vessel entered Tientsin, the advance guard of about twenty warships and twenty troopships steamed out southward, the whole body of newspaper correspondents and foreign attaches having been carefully kept back until later; they were to go on the 22nd, with the Field Marshal and staff, and so there was plenty of time to go over and see Kinchen city again, like a prosperous treaty port, with nearly a hundred vessels at anchor in the western section (Junk Bay), and a large and busy community on shore. Sampan had been brought over from Japan in considerable numbers, as well as half a dozen tugs and steam launches, as the Chinese fishing boats available on the spot are unreliable. One Chinese paddle-boat, of about 150 tons, captured in trying to escape from Port Arthur, is now doing good service for the Japanese at Tientsin.

Going ashore, the boats had to pick their way through broken ice, an inch or two in thickness; and the iron pier, landing-steps, as well as all the large craft, were festooned with massive icicles. Heavy clothing is of course the inevitable rule; furs of all kinds, sheepskins, wadded coats, and leather garments with the hair inside. Even with all this, it is not easy to keep warm in a temperature of 17 deg. Fahrenheit, with a keen exposed North wind; and ears, noses, or hands left exposed are liable to be lost very quickly. On the following days (20th and 21st) the harbour where the steamers lay was frozen over to a thickness of two or three inches, which is said to be very unusual. Tugs had to be kept going to break the ice from sampans, which even then only got about with great difficulty. The thermometer registered 3 deg. Fahrenheit, or 29 deg. of frost. Along the shore, where formerly there was nothing but the Chinese naval station, there is now quite a large settlement, a town with a varying population of probably 10,000 average. The military element predominates, of course; but there are also large numbers of Japanese coolies, boat people, civilians, officials, a few merchants and a rapidly increasing Chinese population. The Chinese find it highly advantageous to migrate from the inland villages to the Japanese stations, where there is a constant demand for labour, as well as a brisk trade in food and clothing, at high rates of pay. So the little cluster of naval offices, torpedo stores, etc., are now being surrounded by huts and houses of Chinese, beyond which is the Japanese military establishment—tents, sheds, and permanent stores, in connection with the forts. There is now a regular daily muster of 'outside hands,' Chinese who come to apply for work at headquarters, and are paraded for inspection. They are such willing workers that it has been found easy to organise a corps of Chinese coolies for transport service with the Shantung expedition; some hundreds of them have been engaged; they all wear the usual blue washed cotton clothing, cap with ear and neck pieces, and thick felt shoes; and they have been supplied with badges of red cotton, about the size of a button, bearing the Chinese characters denoting their occupation, so that it may not be said they wear uniforms. Pack-saddles of the Korean model have been made to fit the men's shoulders, and each has his burden apportioned. Thus it happens that the transport service assumes such a motley appearance. In Europe or America there could probably be horses or mules enough to fulfil all requirements; but in Japan there are only ponies, very deficient both in quality and quantity—which, by the way, is the explanation of the great defect in the Japanese army, that it has nothing like an adequate cavalry force. The baggage trains on the road between Kinchen and Tientsin consist of mules, camels, bullocks, carts, Chinese and Japanese coolies, and a few camels—the most picturesque conglomeration imaginable. There are even junks, shags, imported from Japan, playing between Tientsin and Kinchen; but the roads are terribly rough for them.

At Kinchen itself, the aspect of humdrum contentment and peace is so complete that one can hardly believe there is any war between China and Japan. Sentries stand at the gates of the city, and soldiers throng in the quaint old streets, but every day life goes on in a style of quiet and amiable monotony that speaks volumes in favour of the Japanese. The Chinese inhabitants have practically all their occupations, and their daily life, and their occupations, to which an impetus has been given by the influx of 'distinguished visitors,' the invading army. When I arrived there, on Jan. 20, the market was being held, in the usual place, and an immense business was being done. In all the streets, shops were open, Chinese and Japanese amiably mingled in the crowd, in the market place, the tobacco shops, the tea shops, and the shops of the various races in Hongkong, or many other places where no word of war has been heard for decades.

A striking proof of the cordial goodwill that exists in Kinchen, as well as a testimony to the tact and ability displayed by Japanese officials here, was afforded on the departure of the *Arakawa*, Japanese Governor of Kinchen, to go with the troops—presumably for similar duty in Shantung. On notifying his Chinese colleagues of the City Council, he was presented by them with an artistic scroll bearing an inscription to the following effect:—

'MEMORIAL PRESENTED TO EX-GOVERNOR ARAKAWA BY THE CHINESE LOCAL ADMINISTRATORS, KINCHOW.
'We, Kai-sai and Kiu-tai-sho, chief commissioners; Son-ho-gen, Cho-shu-shun, and Sai-tien-shun, general commissioners; Si-ho-hing, Si-ho-shun, Zui-shi-shun, and Lo-ho-shun, district commissioners, respectfully present this memorial to your Excellency on bidding farewell.
'Since your arrival at Kinchen your Excellency has been as kind to the people as a father to his children. You have done everything in your power to protect them, sparing no pains to carry out whatever measure might be deemed necessary to our people, and leaving unreminded no evil that we were likely to incur them. Deeply impressed with gratitude to your Excellency, the people congratulated themselves on being under such a benign administration, and wished to remain as for ever.
'Now that your Excellency is about to leave us, our people feel like children suddenly deprived of a father and protector. We sincerely wish that the Imperial Government (of Japan) might long allow you to remain at this post; we trust it may be the good fortune of our people to have the pleasure of welcoming your Excellency back as our Governor once more.

'For our own part, we the signatories of this memorial consider you to have been especially favoured and honoured in being daily assembled by the side of your Excellency, looking in the light of your personal friendship. We respectfully wish your Excellency a safe and pleasant voyage.
'Should our poor language imperfectly express our feelings, we trust your Excellency will be so good as to take an indulgent view of our intentions.'

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MOANDREW'S HYMN.

BY RUDOLPH KIPPLING.

and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer who could not get to sleep either. said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life. He seems a pious old bird; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage.

—Extract from private letter.

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream.
An' thought by time I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh God—
Prodestination in the slide o' yon connectin' rod.
John O'Brien might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—my 'Institution.'

I cannot get my sleep to-night, old bones are hard to please:
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone 'wif God an' steam.
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain,
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.

Slam-bang too much: they knock a wee. The crash-head-gibs aye loose;
But thirty thousand malle o' sea has gied them fair excuse.
Fine, clear an' dark—a fall-draught breeze, thirty years ago,
An' Fergusson said: 'Hay, Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!'

She wrote it at Plymouth. Seventy—One—Two—Three since he began—
Three times for Mistress Fergusson. I canna blame the man!
There's none at any port for me, by driving fast or slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.

The year the *Suez* Sands were turned. Oh roads we used to tread;
For Mayhill to Pollokshaws—'twas Burnie to Parkhead!
Not but they're coveil on the board, Yell hear Sir Kenneth say:—
'Good mornin', McAndrews! Back again! An' how's your bilge to-day?'

Except the steam-boiler, but handin' me my chair.
To drink Madeira wif three Earls—the audit Fleet Engineer,
That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he were low.
I mind the time we used to pack a bursten main wif 'low.

Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh! Eh!—a man wad drive;
An' here, o' workin' gauges give one hundred twenty-five!
We're creepin' on wif each new rig—less weight an' larger power:
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an' hour!

Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam began
Leaves me no doot for the machine; but what about the man?
Thee that count wif all his runs, one million miles o' sea:
Four times the span from earth to moon.

How far O Lord from Thee? That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon?
It scoured the skipper on his way to jock wif the saloon.
Three feet were on the stockhold floor—
An' cast me on a furnace-cover. I have the marks to show.

Mark! I ha' marks o' more than burnin'—
An' time like this when all goes smooth wif wickidness comes back.
The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,
Click an' repeat like valves half packed.

Click an' repeat like valves half packed. Fergusson's our trespasses.
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wif envy in my gaze,
The couples kittlin' in the dark behind the funnel stays:
Years when I roamed the ports wif pride to fill my cup o' wrong—
Judge not O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hongkong!

Blot out my wrongs, hours of mine in sin when I abode—
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Roddick an' Grant Road!
An' wif them all—my crownin' sin—rank blasphemy an' wild.
I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge a child!

I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new steam hills none aye so tall.
How could I tell—blind-fold wif sun—the Devil was lurkin' there!
By day like playhouse scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;
By night those soft, lacerous stars leered from those velvet skies.

In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd dauntler along the streets—
An' jigglin' grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' walrus-attacks o' carved bamboo, an' blowfish stuffed an' dried—
Fillin' my bunk wif rubbishy the Chief put overboard.

Till, off Sumbawa Head Ye mind, I heard a land-brace o' milk-warm wif breath o' spices an' bloom:—
'McAndrews, come awa'! here, o' low—no haste, no hate—the wickiddest whinger wif you!
Just statin' evident facts beyon' all argument—
'Your mother's God's a graspin' devil, the shadow o' yonard!

'Got out o' books by moonlighters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.
'They mak' him in the Broomie-faw, a jargon o' pious lies, that's only strong to hurt.
'Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His ro-ho-rod!
'But come wif Us' (Now, who were They?) an' know the Leevin' God.

'That does not 'piper souls for sport or break a life o' joy,
'But swells the ripin' cocoanuts an' rips the macton's brow!
An' there it stopped; cut off; no more; that quiet, certain vice—
For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.

'Twas on me like a thunderbolt—it racked me through an' through—
Temptation never guessed before, unnamable an' new the Holy Ghost! An' through it all our screw.
That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shin' awail,
Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest Lord I fall!

Yet was Thy hand beneath my head: about my feet Thy care—
For 'Hell clear'd o' Turris Strait, the trial o' the day!
But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer,
We dared not run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire!

An' I was drawn on the hatch—sick—sick wif doubt an' tire—
'Better the sight o' eyes that are than win-ders o' desire!
Ye mind that night? Clear as our gougings, again, an' once again,

When rippled down through coral-trash rap out our moorin'-chain;
An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see wif day's plain.
Light on the engine-room—no more—clear as our carbons burn.
I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

Observe. For an' now we'll have here two thousand souls aboard—
Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord.
But—average fifteen hundred souls safe-borne from port to port—
I am o' serving to my kind. Ye wadna blame the thought?

It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on my head.
Mine at the last. When all is done it all comes back to me,
The facts that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.
We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer—
For Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an engineer.

Fall there—ye've time to wad your shaft—ay, sit it, ere ye've spoke,
Or nase a Kerguelon under sail—three jiggers burnin' wif smoke!
An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' 'low an' blow—
The bergs like kelpies overtake that girth an' turn an' shift
Whaur, grinnin' like the Mills o' God, seem by the night, south drift.
(Hall and an' the night, the Lord: I've met them at their work,
An' wished we had another route or they another kick.)
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Yell understand a man must think o' things.
Then, at the last, we'll come to port an' theatre. Less aggrace than
The passengers, 'tis 'low an' an' canna an' this is what I'll hear:—
'Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' home!
While I go testin' follow-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.
They're words for everyone but me—shake hands wif half the crew,
Except the steam-boiler, but handin' me my chair.
An' yet I like my work for all we've dam' few pickin's here—
No pension, an' the most we earn's four hundred pound a year.
Better myself abroad? Maybe. I'd sooner starve than sail!
Wif such as call a sniffer-rod ross—French for nightingales.
Comment on my stores! Some do, but I can't afford
To lie like stowaways wif patty-pans. I'm older than the Board.
A bonus on the coal I have? On ay, the Scots are close.
But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to those.
Inventions! Ye must stay in port to mak' them! Patented!
My Differential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay.
I blame no chaps o' clearer head for taught they make or sell.
I found that I could not invent an' look to these—as well.
So, wretched wif Applifyon—No!—I-fretted like a bairn—
But burned the workin' plans last run wif all I hoped to do—
Ye know how hard an' Idiot dies, an' what that meant to me—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee.
Below there! Oiler! What's your work? Ye find the bearin' hard?
Ye needn't float the gland wif oil—this isn't the Casuar.
Ye thought Ye needn't paid to think. Go, great God o' Aps!
Tol! Tol! I'm default to sweeten not tak' The Name in vain!
Men, ay an' women, call me stern; wif these to oversee
Yell note I've little time to burn on social rapartee.
The bairns so what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,
Till for the sake o'—well a kiss—I tak' 'em down below.
That minds me o' your 'Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
Wif Russia leather tennis-shoes an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
I showed him round last week, o'er all an' at the last says he:—
'Mister McAndrews, don't ye think steam hills none aye so tall?
Darned jigg! I'd been down that more to see what ailed the throw, Manohali, on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well.
Printed an' bound in little books. But why don't poets tell
I'm sick of all their quips an' turns—the loves an' loves they dream
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wif Scott's noblest speech on orchestra sublime
Whaur—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rod marks the time.
The crank-throw's giro the double-bass; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves.
An' now the main scissorworks start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking lull-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return glimmers glimmer through the guides.
They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes.
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, wif purr an' dream.
Independence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye mind; at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Frae skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Morrin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the scowlin' thrust-block says:—
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!
Now, a' together hear them lift their l' soon—their an' mine!
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!
Mill, forge an' try-put taught them that when runnin' they agree,
An' while I wonder if a soul was gied them wif the bows.
Ob for a man to wad it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the mevin' plain!
But no one cares except myself that nerve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh Lord! They're good—aye—good—
Uplift an' I! When first I stand the new-made blades afloat,
Were Ye cast down that breathe the Word declarin' all things good!
Not so! O that world-liftin' joy no after-fall could ever
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Artiller!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scile, o' friction, waste an' slip.

When rippled down through coral-trash rap out our moorin'-chain;

